Sweet *Ieſu* ſaue my ſoule, forgiue my raſh attempt,
Comfort my mother, ſhield her from deſpaire,
When ſhe ſhall heare my tragycke ouerthrow.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forſake my bruſed truncke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting ſoule,
And Lady mother all good hap to thee. *He dies.*

Enter Pembrooke, Salisburie, Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Lords of *Pembrooke* and of *Salisbury*,
We muſt be carefull in our policy,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Elſe ſhall we neuer finde the Princes graue.
Pemb. My Lord of *Eſſex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not cloſely done.
But who is this? loe Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life ſhin'd like the mornings bluſh;
Caſt out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beaſts to gorge vpon.
Salisb. O ruthfull ſpectacle! O damned deed!
My ſinewes ſhake, my very heart doth bleed.
Eſſex. Leaue childiſh teares braue Lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eyes ſhould conduit forth a ſea of teares.
If ſobs would helpe, or ſorrowes ſerue the turne,
My heart ſhould volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootleſſe were't to breath as many ſighes
As might ecclipſe the brighteſt Sommers Sunne,
Here reſts the helpe, a ſeruice to his Ghoſt.
Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
Giue hand and heart, and Engliſhmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of theſe harmes.
Pemb. The beſt aduiſe: but who comes poſting here?

Enter

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I ſpeake vnto you all,
The King entreats your ſooneſt ſpeed
To viſit him, who on your preſent want,
Did ban and curſe his birth, himſelfe and me,
For executing of his ſtrict command.
I ſaw his paſſion, and at fitteſt time,
Aſſur'd him of his couſins being ſafe,
Whom pitty would not let me doe to death:
He craues your company my Lord in haſt,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* ſtraight,
Who is in health vnder my cuſtody.
Eſſex. In health baſe villaine, were't not I lea
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
Here ſhould'ſt thou periſh on my rapiers point.
Call'ſt thou this health? ſuch health betide thy frien
And all that are of thy condition.
Hub. My Lords, but heare me ſpeake, and kill me
If here I left not this young Prince aliue,
Maugre the haſty Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earneſt loue,
So God loue me, and then I ſhall be well.
Sal. Hence traitor hence, thy counſell is herein. *Exit*
Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
And ſure the murther hath beene newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cold.
Eſſex. How ſay you Lords ſhall we with ſpeed diſp
Vnder our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolpin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdome for his proper right,
His title maketh lawfull ſtrength thereto.
Beſides, the Pope, on perill of his curſe,